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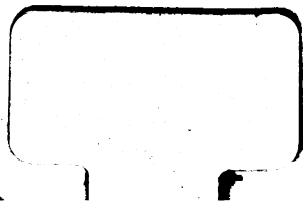
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Mackinac Island

She sits, like Beauty's child
whom Nature gat,
For men to see, and seeing,
wonder at

1892-1900





COMPLIMENTS OF
MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R.
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

MACKINAC ISLAND.

THE WAVE-WASHED TOURISTS' PARADISE
OF
THE UNSALTED SEAS.

By P. DONAN.

KC 847



W. Robert C. Dwyer

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by
THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R. CO.,
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1882:
TIMES PRINTING HOUSE,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

INTRODUCTORY.

AMERICA AND HER NATURAL ADVANTAGES AND ATTRACTIONS—FOLLY OF THE AVERAGE
AMERICAN TOURIST.

AMONG all the lands and nationalities of earth, America stands, in many respects, peerless, unrivaled and unrivalable. Beside her vast dimensions, the grandest empires of the old world, of ancient and of modern times, sink to petty provinces. The whole possessions of Rome, when her golden eagles spread their wings victorious over half the globe, as it then was known, fell short of the immensity of our new world domain. Russia, vastest of modern sovereignties, could be lost in our half-hemisphere. France, land of Napoleon, at the tread of whose legions but little more than half a century ago all Europe trembled, would scarcely overlap the single territory of Dakota; while Great Britain, proud mistress of the seas, whose morning drum-beat sounds around the globe, would hardly make a freckle on the face of Texas or California.

Do other lands boast of their great rivers? We could take up all their Niles and Thameses, their yellow Tibers, castled Rhines, and beautiful blue Danubes, by their little ends, and empty them into our majestic Mississippi and Missouri, Amazons and De la Platas, without making rise enough to lift an Indiana flat-boat off a sand-bar. Do they brag of their seas and lakes? We could spill all their puny Caspians and Azovs, their Dead Seas, Nyanzas and Maggiores, into our mighty Superiors, Michigans, Hurons, Eries and Ontarios, and scarce produce a ripple on their pebbly brims. Do they prate of their romantic scenery? We have a thousand jewel-like lakes that would make all their vaunted Comos, Genevas and Killarneys hide their faces in a veil of friendly fog; the thunder of our Niagara drowns out the feeble murmur of all their cataracts; while the awful crags and canyons of our Yosemite and Yellowstone, the prismatic glitter and dash of our St. Anthonys, Tahquamenons and Minnehahas, and the lonely grandeur of our boundless prairie oceans of billowy verdure, dwarf to insipidity the most famous scenes of Switzerland and Italy, eclipse the wonders and glories of oriental fable, and defy all the skill of poet's pen and artist's pencil to depict the veriest atom of their sublimity and their loveliness. Do they prattle about their Ætnas and Vesuviuses? We thunder forth our American Cotopaxis, Popocatapetls, Chimborazos, and a score of other lava-belching giants whose very names alone are too huge for common tongues. Do other lands and nations talk of their mines of jewels and gold? We answer with the exhaustless bonanzas of California, Colorado, Arizona and Dakota, where mountains of gold and silver ore, veritable treasure-houses of the gods, rear their proud heads to heaven, and where the ceaseless thunder of the world's greatest gold and silver mills resounds in the yet warm lair of the Rocky Mountain grizzly bear. Do they rave of the harvest-fields of Germany and Britain, and the vine-clad hills of France? We show them a new, fresh continent, with soils and climates as varied as the tastes

of men, and with capacities of production as boundless as the needs of men. Every other habitable land was discovered and worn out centuries on centuries ago. For us and our habitation the Fates



reserved a fresh and glorious half-world, a hemisphere, grand in all its proportions and endlessly varied, rich and gorgeous in all its adornments, resting like a vast emerald breastpin upon the bosom of four great oceans, and hidden by three thousand miles of trackless and tempestuous billows from the prying eyes of the ancient adventurers whose egg-shell barks had plowed their way to every other region where human foot could find a resting-place and human greed a grasping-place. It is the broadest land ever given to any people, the grandest and most beautiful, the most varied in its attractions and its products, and the most unlimited in its capabilities and its future.

The more one rambles over this magnificent continent, our own half world, and

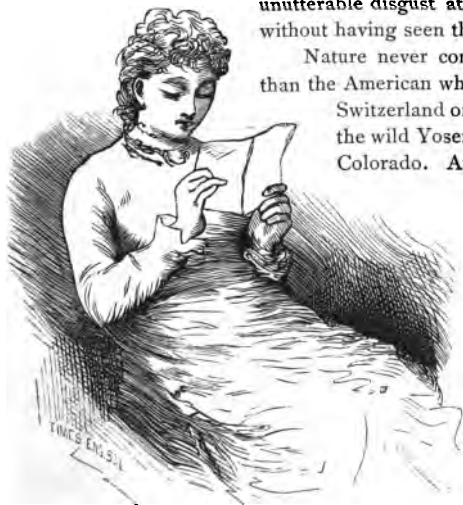
the more he sees of its never-ending, ever-changing glories, sublimities and beauties, the greater must be his contempt for the average American tourist, who turns his back on scenes as transcendently grand, varied and enchanting as ever the sun, in all his wide celestial rounds, looked down upon; and rushes off to Europe, to loaf around fashionable hotels, wine-shops and haberdashers' stores, all infinitely inferior to our own, and then come back and prate, in mock-turtle French, of "la belle Patee," queenly "Madreed," the Lake of Como, Mont Blanc, Rome, Venice, Vesuvius and the Alps, and a hundred other places he never saw and things he knows nothing about. He goes an ignoramus, and he comes back an ass—a traveled ass, ever ready to bray stale guide-book quotations in regard to historic spots and famous scenes that he has never seen, and could not have appreciated if he had. If he chances to meet an intelligent European in his travels, the first question asked him exposes his stupidity and his folly, for it is a question about some one of the innumerable, sublime and wondrous objects in his own country that he has never deemed worth a visit. In view of the hegira that, each spring and summer, jams every out-bound steamer, there is urgent need of a constitutional amendment prohibiting any untutored American from going abroad until he has seen his own supremely lovely land. It should require, as a prerequisite for permission to visit London fogs and chop-houses, Parisian milliners' and tailors' shops, and Italian skies, macaroni kettles and hand-organ-and-monkey factories, a certificate from the president or general passenger agent of at least one of our great transcontinental railways, that the would-be foreign voyager has visited all the glorious and beautiful scenes along his line. This would be a grand educational measure. It would give thousands of sham Americans, native-born aliens and brevet foreigners, some idea of the grandeur of their own land, and prevent them from showing themselves the benighted ignoramuses they now appear to every decent man or woman they meet after setting foot on European soil.

It was Byron who, when an American was introduced to him, began eagerly to question him about Niagara Falls, and on being told that he had never seen them, turned on his heel with an oath of unutterable disgust at the idea of a man's coming from America to Europe without having seen that wonder of the world in his own country.

Nature never constructed a bigger combined idiot and cheap humbug than the American who goes into bogus raptures over the lakes and crags of Switzerland or Italy, while he has never seen or cared to see Niagara, the wild Yosemite realm, the Yellowstone Park or the canyons of the Colorado. And these marvelous displays of omnipotent genius, taste

and skill are scarcely more worthy of note than countless others that are strewn all over our western world. The White Mountains, the Catskills, the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, the cloud-wrapped heights of Lookout Mountain, and the Alpine peaks and valleys of Dakota, Montana and Idaho, all invite the cultivated tourist to a widespread banquet of perpetual enchantment. But none of these famous regions of resort surpass, if any of them even rival, in attractions the long-known and yet comparatively unknown MACKINAC ISLAND.

Reader, do you confess that you do not know where



it is, and that, except in connection with "Mackinaw blankets," you never heard of it? You need hardly be ashamed of your ignorance when you have so much company in it. Not one in a hundred, even of the most intelligent people in America, can tell where it is without referring to a map. You are only one of the ninety and nine. You belong to the great majority.

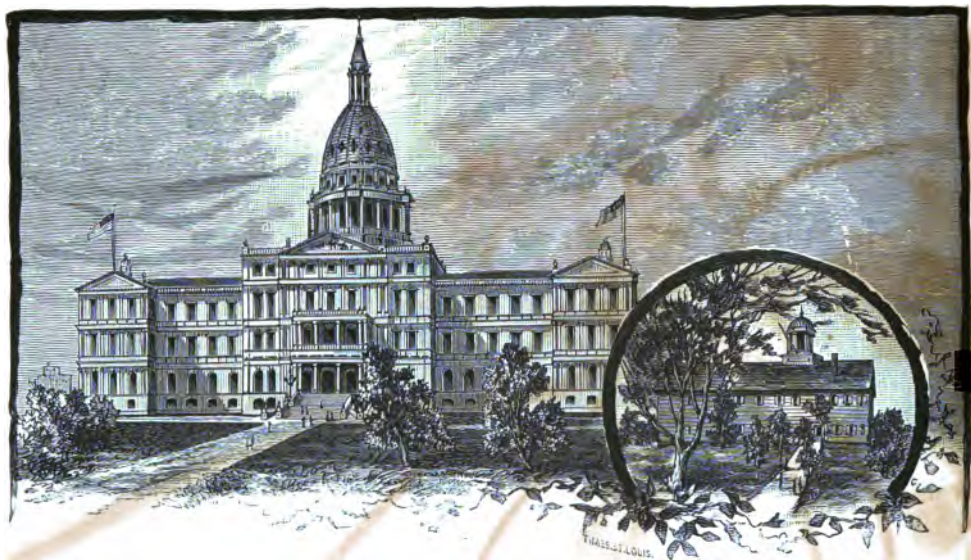
Once for all, then, let it be understood that Mackinac Island is a part of the State of Michigan. Do you say you know nothing of Michigan? Then it is high time you were learning. With all our boasting of our free schools and universal education, about three questions in the primary geography of his country generally suffices to seat the average American citizen on a self-erected dunce-block with emphasis enough to make his teeth rattle. Get out your atlas and begin.

II.

MICHIGAN.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT STATE TO WHICH MACKINAC ISLAND BELONGS—
A LAND OF FORESTS AND LAKES, OF CATARACTS, ISLANDS
AND WONDERFUL RICHES.

TURN to the map of the great lake States. There, stretching from $41^{\circ} 50'$ to 48° of north latitude, are two vast peninsulas, separated by the Straits of Mackinac. One of these peninsulas, resting on Ohio and Indiana as a base, measures two hundred and seventy-five miles from north to south, and is a hundred and seventy-five miles wide from east to west at its southern boundary line; it is washed on the west by Lake Michigan, and on the east by Lake Huron, the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, Detroit River, and Lake Erie. The other peninsula, resting at its western end upon Wisconsin, runs east and west three hundred and sixteen miles, and is from thirty to a hundred and twenty miles wide from north to south; it is washed throughout its entire length on the north by Lake Superior, and on the south by Lake Michigan, while its western point projects into Lake Huron. These two peninsulas form the State of Michigan, no part of which is as far north as Paris, France.



STATE HOUSE, MICHIGAN—THE NEW AND THE OLD.

This great peninsular State is 9,000 square miles larger than New York, 10,000 larger than Pennsylvania, 16,000 larger than Ohio, and 23,000 larger than Indiana; and only lacks about 12,000 square miles of being as large as all the New England States put together. It has a coast-line of 1,600 miles—long enough to reach more than half the distance from New York to Liverpool, and nearly as much as all the Atlantic States combined, excepting Florida alone. It is surrounded by the four largest bodies of fresh water upon the globe, and as the water of these mighty inland oceans seldom falls below thirty-five degrees of temperature, and rarely rises above forty-four, the climate is more equable than in any other portion of the Union in the same latitude. A large part of the famous "California fruit" of the markets is raised in this State. Its orchards of apples, pears, peaches, plums, quinces and all the varieties of small fruits, and its vineyards of white and purple grapes, are unsurpassed anywhere, while figs and nectarines have been grown in the open air.

The native flora of Michigan comprises 1,634 varieties of trees, shrubs, grasses and flowers. Its forests are the grandest in the world. According to the official report of the State Commissioner of Immigration, Hon. Frederick Morley, the white ash attains a circumference of sixteen feet, the birch of ten and a half feet, the buttonwood of from twenty-six to thirty-three feet, the black walnut of thirty-three feet, the cottonwood of from eighteen to thirty feet, the white oak of from twenty to twenty-five feet, the white pine of nineteen and a half feet, the cedar of fifteen feet; and the wild grapevine is found thirty inches around the girth. A single tulip tree in Oakland County furnished 5,060 feet of lumber, and on the Muskegon River a white pine scaled nearly 9,000 feet.

Michigan produces nearly half of all the salt produced in the United States, and more lumber and fresh-water fish than any other one State, while as a wheat-producer it stands fourth, being outranked



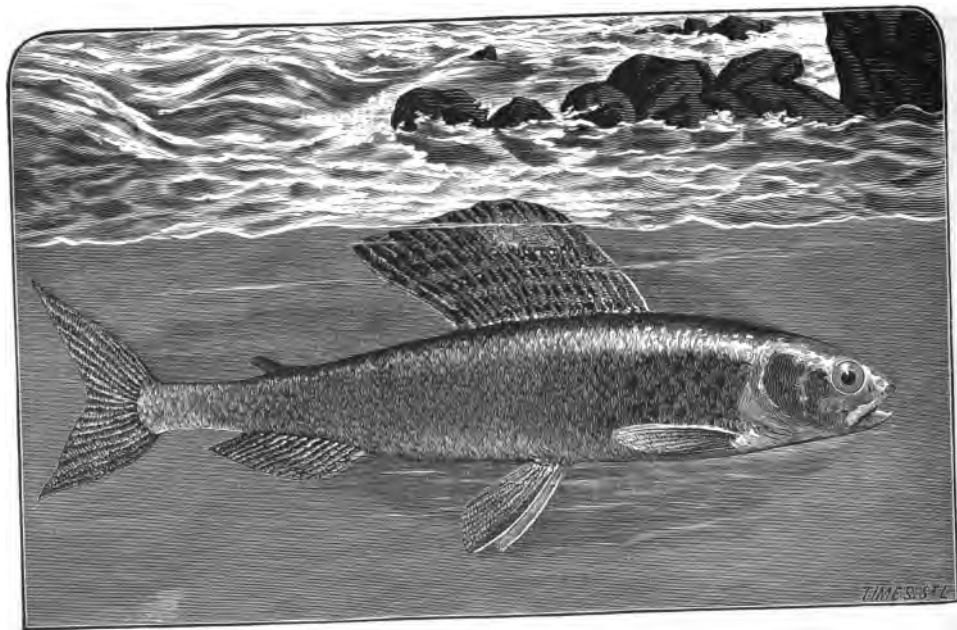
only by Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. It has, in the "Calumet-and-Hecla," the grandest copper mine the world has ever seen, paying more dividends than any gold or silver mine in America; it contains, in the "Jackson" and the "Republic," the greatest iron mines upon the globe; and its copper and iron mines yielded, last year, vaster profits than all the gold and silver mines of California and Colorado combined.

Michigan contains over 5,000 exquisite, gem-like lakes—more than all Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota combined. Many of these liquid breast-pins of the landscape are surrounded by glorious, almost mountainous scenery,

which is the one great lacking in the Oconomowoc and Minnetonka region, and are as picturesque and beautiful as any that ever laughed back to the stars in heaven their own radiant reflections, dimpling and sparkling amid the lace-like crests of every tiny wavelet. The forests everywhere in the northern part of the State abound with game—deer, black bear, wild turkeys, pheasants or ruffed grouse, quails and all the



infinite varieties of water-fowl, while occasionally in the deep glades the giant antlers of an elk are seen. Every lake and stream swarms with pickerel, pike, whitefish, muskalonge, the epicurean brook trout, and, chiefest of all, the gamy, delicious grayling, which was until recently supposed to be wholly a European fish. It is found in America only in the waters of Michigan, and is as far superior in every respect to the brook trout, as that aquatic celebrity and piscatorial aristocrat is to the Missouri mud-cat. The balmy air of the grand pine forests, and the climate perpetually moderated by the vast bodies of pure water that almost wholly surround the State, afford sure and speedy relief, if not a permanent cure, for hay-fever and catarrh. Malarious diseases are almost unknown, and all ailments of throat and lungs are benefited by the bracing atmosphere. Many instances might be cited of perfect cures of catarrhal and bronchial affections by the remedial effects of the air and climate in the regions about Mackinac and Marquette. With all these advantages, there are at least a thousand places along the shores of both peninsulas, that can be made as charming summer resorts as ever health or rest or pleasure seeker could ask or wish to find.



THE GRAYLING.

III.

MACKINAC ISLAND.

**A WAVE-WASHED TOURISTS' PARADISE—SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY—HISTORIC,
LEGENDARY AND POETIC ASSOCIATIONS—A BEWILDERING
MAZE OF ATTRACTIONS.**

GRANDEST and loveliest of all these Michigan sauntering-spots, unrivaled queen of all these snatches of enchanted summer land, is Mackinac Island, in the Straits of Mackinac, whose blue-green waves divide the two peninsulas that compose the State. It lies in latitude $45^{\circ} 51'$ north, and longitude $84^{\circ} 41' 22''$ west, and is three hundred and forty-six miles north of Chicago, and three hundred and one miles northwest of Detroit. Authorities differ as to the origin and meaning of its full name, Michillimackinac. Many writers derive it from the Indian word, "Me-che-me-kin-oc-e-nung-gonge," signifying "Great Turtle," from its peculiar shape. William M. Johnston, who wrote an elaborate series of articles upon the Island and the region, nearly a quarter of a century ago, claims, and doubtless correctly, that the name was "Me-she-ne-mock-e-nung-gonge," meaning "The Island of Giant Fairies." The Indian tradition about it is that Michapous, the chief of spirits, dwelt here a long



LEANING ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND.

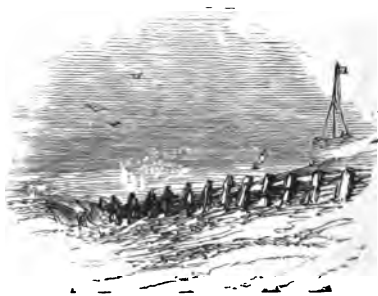
time, and his home was in a mountain on the border of the lake. It was here, they say, he first taught men to make nets for fishing, and here he collected the greatest supplies of fish. On the Island he left spirits named Imakinakos, from which its name may be derived. It has in all ages been hallowed ground to the simple red men, whose gods and genii dwelt amid its solemn shades.

Excepting the inaccessible Yellowstone Park alone, there is no spot in all the new world that more nearly unites in itself all the glories and beauties and advantages that constitute a perfect tourists' paradise. Rising grandly from the mighty channel, in which the waters of earth's three greatest unsalted oceans, Superior, Huron and Michigan, meet and blend in eternal billowy harmony, Mackinac Island is nearly nine miles in circumference, and towers at its highest point over three hundred feet above the waves that lave its snowy feet. The United States government has, with a just appreciation of its wonderful attractions, reserved the entire Island, with the exception of three small farms whose title is guaranteed by treaty, for a National Park, as it has the famous geyser garden in the Yellowstone region.

This Island has filled an important place in the history of all exploration since the pale-face first set foot upon the new world. Here was a rendezvous of the daring French voyagers and adventurers before the Pilgrims landed, with their psalm-books and baked beans, on Plymouth Rock. Here occurred many wild and thrilling incidents in the lives of Marquette, Hennepin, Nicollet and La Salle. On these beautiful shores they mustered their heroic bands for the discovery of the Mississippi; and over at Point St. Ignatius, now irreverently corrupted into St. Ignace, in plain view five miles across one channel of the lake, Marquette was escorted to his burial-place by a hundred canoes of plumed and painted Ottawa, Huron and Ojibway warriors in 1677. Just across, on the most northern point of the lower peninsula, six miles away over an arm of the Straits, stood old Fort Michillimackinac, the scene of the terrible

massacre of the whites by the Indians under the famous chief Pontiac, in 1763. On this Island were fought two battles of the war of 1812; and here, for forty years, were the headquarters of the American Fur Company, of which John Jacob Astor was president. Here, by trading in hides, skins, pelts and whisky, he made the money, on which the present Astor family, of New York, bases its aristocratic pretensions. Here Schoolcraft, who was Indian agent on the Island, wrote his celebrated

"History of the North American Indians," and "The Legend of Hiawatha," which America's lamented poet-laureate, Longfellow, who visited Schoolcraft here, afterward expanded into a most nonsensical alleged poem, that is always suggestive of a two-tailed dog with an empty oyster-can to each. Three flags have waved over this Island domain. France virtually held it, in conjunction part of the time with her Huron allies, from 1610 to 1761, when it was surrendered to Great Britain. It was yielded to the United States in 1796; retaken by the British in 1812; and again relinquished to the government of Yankee Doodle, under the treaty of Ghent, which was signed in Novem-



ber, 1814, though possession was not given until the spring of 1815. The whole region abounds in historic, legendary and poetic memories and associations, an elaborate compilation of which has recently been made by Lieutenant D. H. Kelton, of the United States Army, in a charming little volume entitled "Annals of Fort Mackinac"; an invaluable book of reference for tourists, with all the fascination of a novel, for it gives facts that are stranger than fiction, and treats of a spot whose history has been wilder than romance.

The whole Island is a vast labyrinthine tangle of miniature mountains, wild precipices, overhanging cliffs and crags, yawning caverns; strange rocky formations like the weird spires of the Yosemite and the Yellowstone, tall, fingerlike pillars of stone, hundreds of feet high, straight and slender as Cleopatra's Needle; cataracts of dizzy height, leaping from perpendicular walls of gray and moss-grown rock far out into the lake below; glorious shelving beaches of snow-white sand and gravel, hard and smooth as a ball-room floor, on which one can ride or drive or stroll for miles at a stretch, with the never-ceasing melody of plashing waters lulling every sense but that of tender bliss; occasional views of storm-lashed billows, rivaling in the grandeur of their savagery the ocean at its maddest; a fort, dating back through more than a century of war and romance, cannon looking out through high embrasures over the liquid highway they are to guard, grass-bordered parade-grounds, troops of gilt-tinseled young officers who have just learned the last waltz or galop step on the Hudson, a splendid military band, two battle-fields of the war of 1812; a burial-ground, where the heroic dead in blue coats and red coats, in wampum and paint and eagles' feathers, were laid away to await the last great *reveille* to be sounded by an arch-angelic bugle from the battlements above; old Jesuit churches and mission-houses, ancient ruins, history, poetry, legend, glorious boating and bathing, six-pound brook trout, Indian villages and birch-bark



into one along the far-off horizon line where heaven and earth seem to meet and kiss each other. Only to have beheld all these sublime scenes, to have feasted with appreciative soul on all these splendors of sight and sound and memorable event, is itself almost an education. Every spot upon the Island possesses some peculiar interest, and every turn reveals some glorious panoramic view. A few of the most notable points are catalogued in the next chapter.

canoes, bass, pickerel, muskalonge, hoary survivors of the death-grapples with the British and Indians threescore years and ten ago, forty-pound whitefish, silver moonlight glinting on silver floods; mighty steamships with their trails of smoke, moving like stately monarchs of the waves, and fleets of tiny white-sailed yachts and pleasure-boats darting hither and thither like happy swallows on the wing; and, around and over all, like an upper and a lower canopy, the boundless drapery of blue water and blue sky melting



IV.

POINTS OF SPECIAL INTEREST.

A FEW OUT OF MANY—THE TOWN, THE FORT, THE MISSION-HOUSE, ROBERTSON'S FOLLY,
GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, FAIRY ARCH, ARCH ROCK, TODD'S OBELISK, SCOTT'S CAVE,
BRITISH LANDING, SUGAR LOAF ROCK, LOVER'S LEAP, INDIAN
LOOKOUT AND OLD FORT HOLMES.

THE TOWN OF MACKINAC.

A SAIL around the island in any of the little steamers or yachts that are always at command presents a continuous succession of charming views, but none is more striking than that on entering the harbor at its southern end. The beautiful bay is crescent-shaped, and its waters are so clear that a white marble or a silver quarter can be distinctly seen at a depth of from twenty to fifty feet. Myriads of fish are plainly visible as they cleave their way through the liquid crystal.

A lady writer prettily says:

Sometimes 'tis a shield of silver,
Bright in the sunshine's glow,
Reflecting the white sailed vessels,
Like a mirror fair below.

And sometimes the lightest ripple
Dimples its waters blue,
And rocks like an infant's cradle
The skiff and the light canoe.

And we watch the gorgeous sunsets
Of rosy and golden dyes,

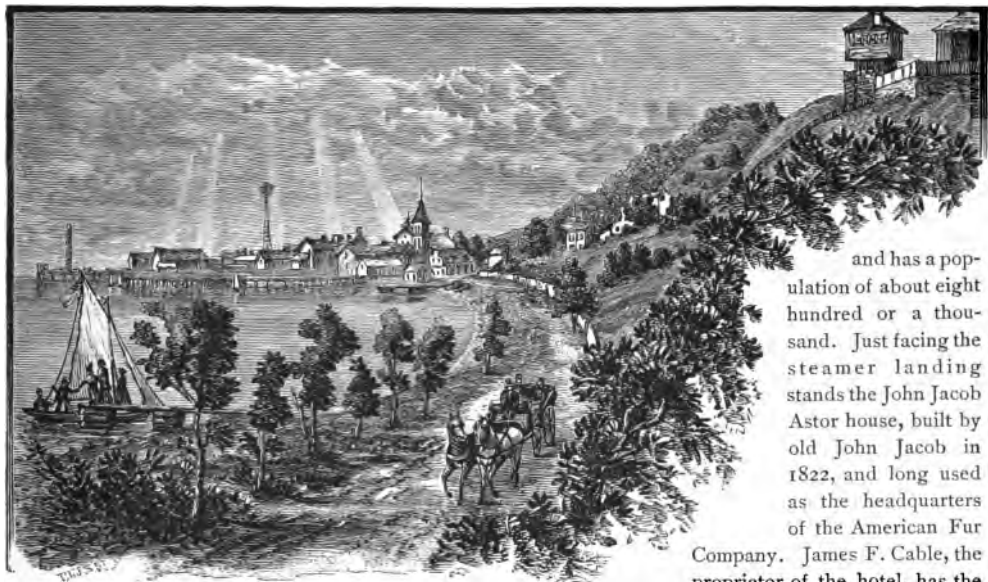
Till it seems that over its waters]
The path of glory lies.

When its sea-green waves are tossing,
How freshly the breezes blow;
Like the breath of life to the fainting
In the simoom's fervid glow.

But the wild winds wake its billows,
Sweeping with sullen roar,
Till they dash in misty fragments
Far on the sandy shore.

Overlooking the bay, the tall white cliffs with their back-ground of waving forest; the fort, with its massive walls of white-washed stone, clinging picturesquely to the brow of the precipice; the straggling little town at its feet, strongly recalling visions of Italian fishing villages; the long rambling hotels, with their full length verandas above and below; the neat modern residences, with their grass-plots and shrubbery, fountains and flowers, mingling among buildings that have been historic for three generations; and, as a frontispiece to it all, the wide, smooth, gently sloping beach of snowy sand on which the sunlit waters ever play, all combine to form a picture that, once seen, like Naples or Gibraltar, is never forgotten.

The town of Mackinac contains two churches, a school-house, court-house, six hotels, a number of summer boarding-houses, stores and shops of all kinds, and quite a sprinkling of handsome dwellings,



THE TOWN OF MACKINAC.

and has a population of about eight hundred or a thousand. Just facing the steamer landing stands the John Jacob Astor house, built by old John Jacob in 1822, and long used as the headquarters of the American Fur Company. James F. Cable, the proprietor of the hotel, has the

books and records of the Company from 1815 to 1836, including a correspondence with Gen. Winfield Scott soon after the battle of Lundy's Lane. The bar and billiard room is an immense hall with low ceiling and huge pine cross-beams, on one of which is chiseled in rude, sprawling characters: "417 pines used in this frame." The hand that cut the inscription has long been dust. The other hotels are the Mackinac House, Island House, St. Cloud, Palmer and Lake View. Excellent boarding-houses are kept by Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Franks in the old Mission-house, and Mrs. Todd, mother of H. A. N. Todd, the first native-born "President of the Island," which position he is now filling. The Todd house was built in 1818 by Captain Pierce, a brother of President Frank Pierce, and a brother-in-law of Gen. John McNeil, the rival of Winfield Scott for the heroship of Lundy's Lane. The present mission-house was built by the Presbyterians in 1824, Rev. W. H. Ferry, the father of Senator T. W. Ferry, of Michigan, being in charge. The Senator was born in this house. The old Indian Dormitory, now used as a school-house, was erected in 1838, as a lodging-place for the Indian chiefs and the more prominent members of their tribes, who constantly visited the place on business connected with their treaties, annuities and reservations. Among the elegant residences are those of C. B. Fenton, and Hon. A. Sheley of Detroit.

FORT MACKINAC.

On the edge of a perpendicular precipice of white limestone, a hundred and fifty-five feet high, just back of the town, is the fort which, in picturesque beauty of location, has no rival among all the fortresses of the United States. Its position somewhat resembles that of Fort Snelling, but is infinitely more romantic. It was established by the English, after the destruction of old Fort Michillimackinac by the

French and Indians in 1763. It was turned over to the United States in the spring of 1796. Lieutenant Porter Hanks was in command of the American garrison, when a detachment of British troops under Captain Roberts surprised and captured it, July 17, 1812. On the

4th of August, 1814, the Americans under Colonel Croghan, the hero of Fort Stevenson, and Major Holmes, landed upon the Island and attempted to retake the fort.

A battle was fought on what is now known as the

Early Farm, in which Major Holmes was killed and the Americans defeated. One of the officers of the present garrison is the accomplished and genial Lieutenant Kelton, the historian of the Island. The house in which he lives is a hundred and ten years old, and everything about the place has a flavor of antiquity. Magnificent views of the surrounding lakes, channels, islands, promontories, forests, towns and shipping, are to be had from every point on the lofty parapet; and the round world affords no grander sight than a sunrise or sunset from the fort, the great globe of crimson and gold seeming at its rising to burst up from the bosom of Lake Huron, and



THESE COME FOR WORK.

at its setting to plunge headlong into the midst of Lake Michigan, casting a million prismatic tints of glorious light on wave and sky. It was of one of these gorgeous sunset scenes that Longfellow wrote :

“ Can it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of water?
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,
Wounded by the magic arrow,
Staining all the waves with crimson—
With the crimson of its life-blood;
Filling all the air with splendor—
With the splendor of its plumage ?

Yes, it is the sun descending,
Sinking down into the water;
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the waters flushed with crimson !

No; it is the Red Swan floating,
Diving down beneath the water;
To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are reddened;
Over it the star of evening
Melts and trembles in the purple,
Hangs suspended in the twilight.

No; it is a bead of wampum
On the robes of the Great Spirit,
As he passes thro' the twilight,
Walks in silence thro' the Heavens.

ROBERTSON'S FOLLY.

Leaving the fort by a pathway along the brow of the cliffs, a delightful stroll of a quarter of a mile in a northeasterly direction, brings one to Lovers' Rest, a natural sofa-shaped seat in the rock, surrounded by a group of ancient cedars, and looking out over the lake for many miles. About a hundred yards from this is Robertson's Folly, a projecting point of the precipice, a hundred and twenty-seven feet in height, and so perpendicular that, like the Ethiopian's sapling, it leans a little the other way. The



THESE COME FOR REST.

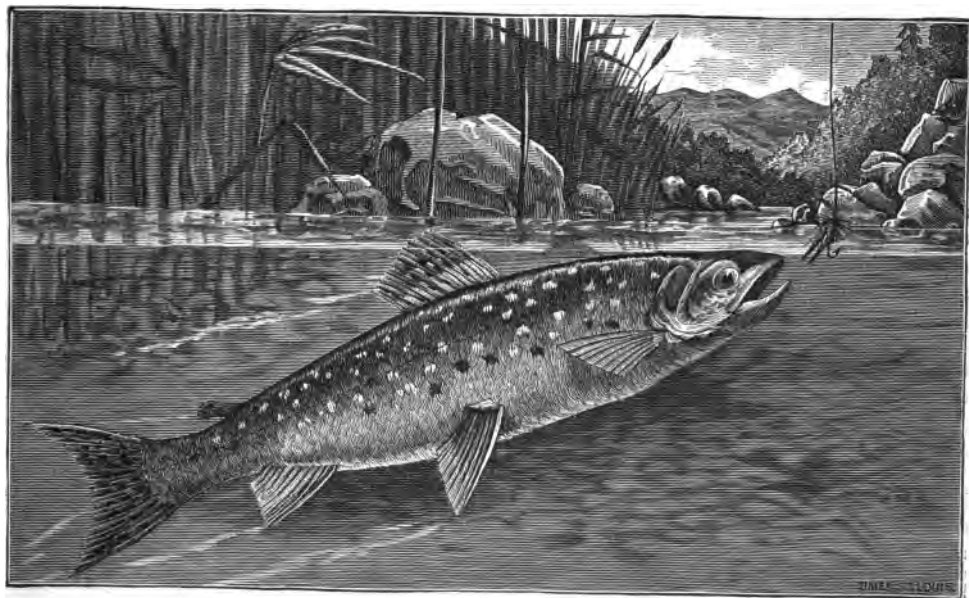
tradition says that, soon after the occupation of the Island by the English, Captain Robertson, commanding the garrison, built a house on the verge of the dizzy cliff. Here he lived with Wau-bon-ong-o-qua—"Woman-of-the-Morning-Star"—the beautiful daughter of an Ojibway chief, whose innocent maiden faith he had betrayed. The house was a scene of almost constant revelry and high wassail. One afternoon, while a large party of gay young officers and their feminine friends were feasting in a summer arbor on the brink of the precipice, a gigantic Algonquin warrior, plumed and painted, strode into the midst of the startled group, and buried a long keen knife in the heart of the fallen maiden. Then, pointing the blood-dripping blade at Robertson, he exclaimed: "English dog! you have

betrayed my daughter! I wash out her dishonor in her blood!" And before a hand could be raised to check him, he seized the dead body in his arms and disappeared. A few years afterward, a mass of the rock broke away, carrying the house with it into the lake, and only a few fragments of the ruin yet remain to proclaim the folly and the crime of one whose name would, but for them, have been forgotten long ago.

About twenty-five yards from this perpetual monument of wrong, is the Giant's Causeway, a huge winding staircase cut by nature's own hands in the face of the precipice; and a hundred feet down these stony steps is Fairy Arch, a perfect arch of grayish-white rock about fifty feet above the lake.

ARCH ROCK.

A half-mile further, through a wonderfully variegated forest of pine, maple, oak, ironwood, cedar, spruce, tamarack, beech, poplar, basswood and canoe birch, interspersed with filbert thickets sprung from nuts planted by the Jesuit fathers two hundred years ago, and one of the grandest and most beautiful of all the wonders of the Island is reached. Arch Rock is one of the wildest, weirdest, sublimest freaks of nature's handiwork in sculpture. The chisel-prints of untold ages of whirling waters are all over it. The first glimpse of its manifold grandeurs and beauties takes away the breath of any party of intelligent tourists, and there bursts forth a chorus of rapturous "Oh my's"—"glorious"—"magnificent"—"beyond all conception"—"superb"—"awful"—"picturesque"—and "enchanted." Each reaches for the biggest word in his or her vocabulary of astonishment and delight, and then feels that it is a pitiful failure as an attempt to express the emotions that overwhelm one in the presence of such a scene, or rather of such scenes. It is indescribable in words, and undepictable by art. Imagine, if you can, projecting from the face of a cliff two hundred feet high, a gigantic bay-window of stone, supported by a



THE BROOK TROUT.

mighty arch a hundred and forty-nine feet high at its summit. The rim or wall of the bay-window is about three feet wide, and it bulges out some twenty feet from the cliff, overhanging the blue-green water of the lake a dizzy depth below. Foolish people often walk around on top of this narrow ledge or rim, but it takes a head warranted not to swim. The view from the summit of the arch takes in a glorious sweep of fifty miles. The scene by moonlight from a boat below the arch is one of the most enchanting in all the universe of God. The music of the band at the fort comes softly drifting, with the moonbeams and the scent of flowers and pinewoods, across the mirror-like waters; and in the presence of these grand Deity-hewn vaults and arches and pillars, it is easy to realize why the simple-minded Indians chose this Island as the special dwelling-place of their gods and fairies.

About a hundred feet below the great arch is Little Arch.

Three-fourths of a mile along the shore from the arches, a perpendicular pillar of stone, a hundred and forty feet in height, stands out from the face of the cliff like a gigantic Cleopatra's Needle. This has recently been christened Todd's Obelisk, in honor of the young chief magistrate of the Island.

SUGAR-LOAF ROCK.

About a mile from Arch Rock, directly toward the center of the Island, and standing alone amid the forest trees, is Sugar-Loaf Rock, as perfect a pyramid as ever graced Egyptian deserts. It is a gray, moss-grown rock towering two hundred and eighty-four feet above the lake. At the base it is perhaps seventy-five feet long by fifty wide. Twenty or thirty feet from the ground, on the north side of the rock is a cave, that is reached by a ladder, and venturesome people sometimes climb to the apex of the huge pyramid, for which some more imposing name than Sugar-Loaf should be found.

A mile and a half northwest of this lies the Early Farm, on which, near the northern end of the Island, is the British Landing of 1812. On this farm, August 4, 1814, was fought the battle in which the Americans were defeated and Major Holmes, the second in command, killed. In the southwest part of the farm is the old burial-ground; and on the northeastern point of the farm and Island is Scott's Cave, a romantic little grotto in the cliff, which a grown person has to stoop to enter, but which is roomy enough to hold quite a large party.



Near this are the Cold Springs, innumerable small fountains of water, scarcely above the freezing point in mid-summer, bursting from the foot of the rocky precipice and flowing into the lake.

Not far from British Landing is Friendship's Altar, a place where the giant fairies of Indian legend might have offered sacrifice. It is an altar-shaped rock about a hundred feet high, and as all

treaties between the whites and Indians were signed and acknowledged here, it is sometimes called Treaty Rock.

A mile down the beach to the southward is Champine's Bluff, named for an old Indian chief to whom it once belonged, and who died in a cabin of which the ruins are still to be seen on the Early Farm.

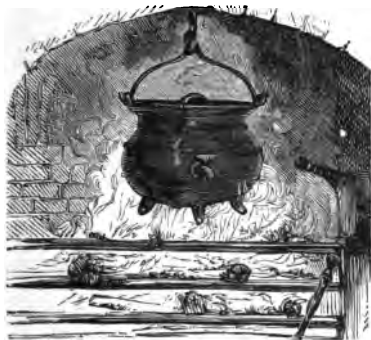
A few hundred yards from this Bluff is Chimney Rock, a slender fingerlike spire of stone, a hundred and thirty-one feet in height.

Near this is Skull Cave, in which tradition says a large number of Iroquois took refuge after a terrible defeat by the Ottawas and Ojibways, and being guarded by their foes so they could not escape, they all perished miserably in this cavern, where their skulls and bones were found by Henry Alexander, a fugitive from the Michillimackinac massacre, who hid himself here in 1763.

Just over Skull Cave is Matrimonial Hill, indicating a possibility of skeletons in the conjugal closet.

LOVER'S LEAP.

No well regulated place of resort can ever afford to be without a Maiden Rock or a Lover's Leap, where, in the long-gone ages when true love still found a foothold on earth, some desperate, lovelorn Indian maiden clasped her dusky lover in her arms—or because she could not clasp him in her arms—sang the wild death-song of her tribe, and leaped from the romantic precipice into the surging tide below. Indian maidens seem, from the number of such localities and legends, to have attended to little business except singing death-songs and leaping headlong from every high rock they could find. Mackinac Island, not to be behind in anything that is fashionable and proper, has two of these interesting



the war parties of Ojibways and Ottawas to seek fame and scalps in the lands to the southward. Here she sat and sang the song he loved:

Mong-e-do-gwain, in-de-nain-dum,
 Mong-e-do-gwain, in-de-nain-dum,
 Wain-shung-ish-ween, neen-e-mo-shane,
 Wain-shung-ish-ween, neen-e-mo-shane,
 A-nec-nau-wau-sau-bo-a-zode,
 A-nec-nau-wau-sau-bo-a-zode.

rocks and reminiscences. Not far from Fairy Arch is Maiden Rock, from which a jilted Algonquin princess hurled herself to the pickerel and sturgeon; and exactly across the Island from this memorial of feminine rashness stands another everlasting witness of woman's constancy and love. A short distance southeast of the Cave of Skulls, and a mile west of the fort and town, is Lover's Leap, a bold, projecting promontory of stone a hundred and forty-five feet high, rising sheer out of the lake. A huge solitary pine once stood upon the very verge of the cliff, but some vandal of former years has cut it down. Here, the legend tells, Me-che-ne-mock-e-nung-o-qua, a young Ojibway maiden, used to watch her lover, Ge-niw-e-gwon, as he embarked in his canoe with



This is only one stanza out of some three dozen, and translated into a more familiar vernacular than Ojibway, runs about in this fashion:

A loon, I thought was looming,
A loon, I thought was looming,
Why! it is he, my lover,
Why! it is he, my lover,
His paddle in the waters gleaming,
His paddle in the waters gleaming.

One day the fleet came back, but Ge-niw-e-gwon's joyous war-shout was not heard. A foeman's arrow had pierced his heart, and not many mornings afterward the mangled form of the faithful Me-che-ne-mock-e-nung-o-quā was found at the foot of her loved rock. Her spirit had gone to join her warrior lover's soul in the happy hunting-grounds beyond.

Under Lover's Leap is the Devil's Kitchen, a titanic fireplace in the side of the cliff; and between this and the fort is the Indian Lookout, commanding an almost illimitable view of the lakes, the straits and the adjacent islands and shores. From this point the Indians used to watch for the return of their war parties.

There are innumerable other spots on the Island as noteworthy as any of these, but a mention of one more must suffice.

FORT HOLMES.

About a half mile back of Fort Mackinac, on the highest point of Mackinac Island, three hundred and eighteen feet above the lake, are the ruins of old Fort Holmes. It was built by the British during



their occupancy of the Island after its capture in 1812, and was called by them Fort George. When the Americans regained possession of the much-contested spot, they named it Fort Holmes in honor of the gallant officer who fell in an attempt to re-

take the Island in 1814. From this

historic spot the eye takes in one of the grandest panoramas on earth, a sweep of a hundred and fifty miles of magnificent lakes, white-crested billows, green islands, beetling crags, gently sloping shores of dazzling sand, light-houses, towns, Indian encampments and far-reaching forests melting away in the dim distance into the undistinguishable blue of sky and water. Far away to the northward are plainly seen St. Martin's Bay, St. Martin's Island, Burns' Island, and the famous Chippewa village at



THESE COME FOR SPORT.

the mouth of Pine River. To the west lie Point St. Ignatius, the Rabbit's Back Mountain, Point La Barbe, where the old traders of a by-gone age used to shave or trim their beards and brush up a little, before going to meet their patrons or their girls in Mackinac, and the Gros Cap hills fading away into the dim shore-line of the northern peninsula. Outlined against the sky on the southwest are Waughoshance light-house, McGulpin's Point and light-house, and nearer at hand Mackinaw City on the northern point of the lower peninsula. Fifteen miles southward the pretty little city of Cheboygan lies in plain view, with its docks, its tasteful houses and its fleet of steam and sail vessels. Twenty-four miles to the east Spectacle Reef light-house looks like a slender finger against the horizon, and just across a narrow strait Bois Blanc Island looms up grandly with its trout-streams and light-houses and forests of white birch, while twelve miles off to the northeast can be seen the upper part of the Channeaux Islands, an enchanting archipelago of some seventy-five or eighty beautiful islands, varying from two miles in length to mere green specks a hundred feet across, dotting the crystal waters which rush by, fifteen fathoms deep at the shores, and swarming with whitefish, bass, pike, pickerel, the gamy muskalonge and the lake trout. Every floating cloud or gleam of sunshine changes the glorious scene by varying the tintings of the waters, which range through every shade from deepest azure to palest opal-green, from purple and lavender to purest silver. It is truly a realm of enchantment.

Delicious musings fill the heart, and images of bliss.

In such a spot, with the glories of earth and heaven forever unrolled before the gaze, where the atmosphere is as pure as the gales that wandered over primeval paradise, where the temperature is always cool enough to be bracing and invigorating, where a fly or mosquito never was seen, where the inducements



to constant exercise of every sense and sinew are as boundless as the beauties of the place, and where the healing fragrance of the pine and hemlock and balsam-fir are borne on every breeze, dyspepsia, languor and low spirits take flight at once, "hay-fever" victims are at rest, and sniffing catarrhs and wheezing asthmas breathe free as sylvan flutes by Pan or Orpheus blown. Rusty joints cease to squeak, canes and braces are laid aside, and the querulous invalid, before he knows it, finds himself boating, fishing, strolling, flirting like a prize athlete or a Harvard freshman. It is a realm of rosy health and jocund mirth, where every prospect pleases, and man is only vile when he tries three times as hard to be so as he would have to anywhere else.

Well might Hon. Horace Mann, writing of the influence of "The Wonderful Isle," say: "I never breathed such an air before. I think that this must be some that came clear out of Eden and did not get cursed. We sleep every night under sheet, blanket and coverlet, and no day is too warm for smart walking and vigorous rowing or bowling. The children are crazy with animal spirits, and eat in such a way as to demonstrate the epigastric paradox that 'the quantity contained is greater than the container.'"

Such a climate, such air and such surroundings make Mackinac Island one of Nature's own glorious sanitariums. The late Dr. Drake says: "The Island of Mackinac is the most important summer resort to which we can direct the attention of the infirm and fashionable. True, it has no mineral springs, THESE COME FOR BUSINESS."



but living streams of pure water, cooled down to the temperature of forty-four degrees, gushing from its lime-rock precipices, and an atmosphere never sultry or malarious, supercede all necessity for nauseating iron, sulphur and epsom-salts, while the natural scenery is admirably adapted to make the invalid forget his ailments."

Another of America's famous writers, catching the inspiration of the place, exclaims: "The eternal seasons, as they roll, bring in the glowing months of summer a placid sense of rest, invigoration and bodily and mental stimulus to Mackinac. How foolish was the old Grecian king when he offered a princely fortune for a new pleasure. It can be had here in every breath, in every direction upon which the eye may turn, and in the sense of health and strength which fills the channels of the blood, sends exquisite pleasure along the nerves, and opens broadly the capacities of our common nature, reaching beyond logic to spirit."

V.

NEIGHBORING ATTRACTIONS.

**BOIS BLANC ISLAND, THE CHANNEAUX, POINT ST. IGNACE, MACKINAW CITY, SAULT STE. MARIE,
THE PAINTED ROCKS, MARQUETTE, THE GREAT MINES, FALLS, AND FISHERIES.**

LOVELY as Mackinac Island is, it is the center of a vast group of interesting scenes and places that are easily accessible by rail, steamer, sail, or row boat.

Only two and a-half miles across a deep channel is Round Island, a lovely little green dot of a hundred and eighty acres, as round as a dollar of the fathers.

A little further toward Lake Huron, and a delightful jaunt by sail-boat, is Bois Blanc, or White-wood Island, named from the forests of white birch that cover it. From the bark of this tree the Indians make hats, baskets, and many articles both for use and ornament. The island contains 31,351 acres, and there are upon it two streams that abound with brook trout, while all along the shores the waters are alive with bass, pickerel and whitefish.

THE CHANNEAUX.

Twelve miles northeast of Mackinac, a charming trip by steamer or sail-boat, are the Channeaux Islands, a group of perhaps seventy-five islands, with a labyrinth of deep, swift channels, winding in and out among them, and many land-locked harbors, where one has to keep a vigilant look-out to avoid being lost, even the compass seeming occasionally to get bewildered. This was the favorite fishing ground of the Indians, and the waters are literally alive with all the finest varieties of fish known in this region. Whitefish of delicious flavor are caught, weighing from ten to twenty-five pounds, and muskalonge weighing from thirty to thirty-five pounds. A party of eight persons, in one day last season, caught over a ton of fish, of all kinds, with hook and line. Connoisseurs say there is a marked difference in the flavor of the fish caught on the east and west sides of Mackinac Island, and those of the Channeaux are considered fit for any epicurean. Brook trout, weighing from three to three and a-half pounds, are frequently caught in the small streams emptying into the straits among the Channeaux.

POINT ST. IGNACE.

Six miles across the north channel is Point St. Ignace, a flourishing town of about 2,000 inhabitants, surrounded by picturesque scenery, and rapidly becoming a popular summer resort. Just back of the town is the Rabbit's Back, a strange range of rocky hills, presenting precisely the appearance that suggested the name, with a gigantic perpendicular pillar of grayish-white stone, a hundred and thirty feet high, sticking up just enough to put the finishing tail to the picture. A beautiful little lake of



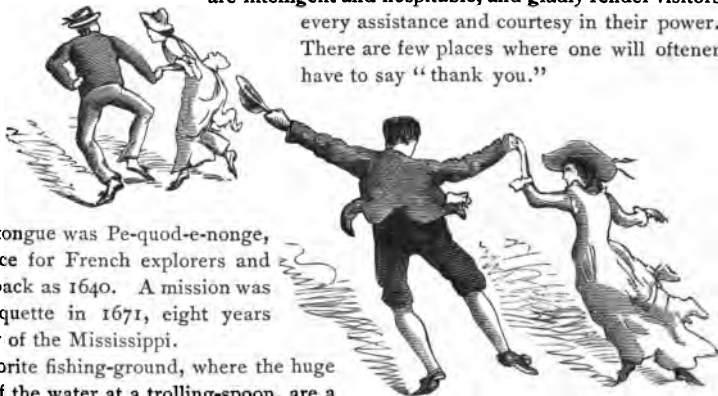
crystal-clear water, teeming with fish, lies in the rear of the town, fifty feet above the level of the great lake in front. St. Ignace was the burial place of Marquette, who founded the mission of St. Ignatius here in 1670. The original name of the Point in the Iroquois tongue was Nau-do-wa-qua-au-me, or "Iroquois Woman's Point." The people are intelligent and hospitable, and gladly render visitors

every assistance and courtesy in their power. There are few places where one will oftener have to say "thank you."

Eight miles to the southward is Mackinaw City, on the site of old Fort Michilimackinac, the scene of the great massacre in 1763.

Its name in the Ojibway tongue was Pe-quod-e-nonge, and it was a stopping place for French explorers and Jesuit missionaries as far back as 1640. A mission was established here by Marquette in 1671, eight years before LaSalle's discovery of the Mississippi.

Graham's Shoals, a favorite fishing-ground, where the huge lake trout jump clear out of the water at a trolling-spoon, are a short distance west.



THESE COME FOR FUN.

AN AMERICAN KINGDOM.

How many readers of this little book are aware that an American king reigned on an island near Mackinac little more than thirty years ago? Probably not one in a hundred ever knew it; and yet, almost in sight of the ruins of Fort Holmes, forty-four miles away to the westward, lies Big Beaver Island, on which James Jesse Strang, one of the early Mormons, proclaimed himself king, issued his royal code of laws, and for many years ruled with a rod of blood and iron, levying pirate tribute on the shipping and commerce both of the United States and Canada. He was a man of ability, having been a member of the Michigan legislature and a contributor to various scientific and literary journals, and during all his reign published as a sort of court journal a paper of decided merit. He and his horde of fanatics and desperadoes committed innumerable murders and other outrages, seized vessels and made themselves a terror to all this region; on one occasion cutting the heart out of the living bosom of John Bennett, a Gentile who had offended his majesty, "King Strang." The United States government was appealed to time and again, but as the average American statesman is too often but another variety of pirate and Mormon, no redress was obtained, and "King Strang" might have been swaying the sceptre yet, if one of his subjects had not assassinated him in 1847. The long-outraged people of Cheboygan, Mackinac and all the neighboring islands and villages organized a naval expedition the next year, under Arch. Newton, and drove his defunct majesty's retainers from the island, and broke up the kingdom.

THE PAINTED ROCKS.

Fifty miles north of Mackinac Island by sail-boat or steamer are the far-famed Painted or Pictured Rocks, so eloquently described by Schoolcraft in his "History of the North American Indians," as



entitled to a place among the wonders of the world. They consist of groups of overhanging precipices, towering walls, vast caverns, waterfalls, and prostrate pillars and columns resembling the ruins of some mighty Babylon of the gods and giants, in wonderful confusion. They are over three hundred feet perpendicularly in height, and extend for fifteen miles along the lake shore. They consist of sandstone, rising stratum on stratum, and are of almost every conceivable color and shade, red, black, yellow, green, brown, white and gray. The effect when viewed from the lake on a sunshiny day is indescribably gorgeous. About four miles from the beginning of this weird and wonder-

ful formation is Cascade La Portaille, a beautiful stream that leaps from the face of the precipice nearly a hundred feet into the lake below. Its form is that of a rainbow rising from the lake to the top of the precipice, and a small boat can pass between it and the bluff. In the same formation is Doric Rock, consisting of four vast pillars of sandstone, supporting



a stratum or entablature of the same stone, and presenting exactly the appearance of a colossal work of art. On top of the entablature rests a stratum of soil covered with a growth of spruce and pine trees, some of them nearly a hundred feet in height. That part of the entablature included between the pillars is arched, giving the impression of a grand vaulted passage-way into some vast temple of an unknown deity.

TAHQUAMENON RIVER AND FALLS.

Taking either a steamer on the lake, or a train on the Detroit, Mackinac and Marquette Railroad, a short run brings the tourist to the wild Tahquamenon River on the northern peninsula. It is one of the most picturesque streams in America, from an eighth to a quarter of a mile wide, with a channel depth of twenty feet. Its waters swarm with bass, pike, pickerel and muskalonge, which are often caught of from thirty to thirty-five pounds weight. The grand falls of the Tahquamenon, a hundred feet in height, form the theme of one of Longfellow's most charming poems, written after his visit to the spot nearly a half century ago. In one of the streams of this region Judge J. H. Steere, of the Mackinac judicial district, saw a brook trout caught and weighed, that tipped the scales at six pounds and seven ounces.

From the Tahquamenon, a few hours' run by the Detroit, Mackinac and Marquette Railroad, the great tourists' route of the northern peninsula, takes the traveler into the famous copper and iron region, where some of the world's grandest bonanzas have recently been opened up, and where many more yet remain to be discovered and developed. It is a region full of interest to every practical or speculative

man. Marquette, the northern terminus of the road, is one of the largest ore-shipping points in the world.

The whole region around Mackinac Island abounds with similar places of interest to the tourist of every class, to the antiquarian, to the scientist, the artist, the sportsman, the invalid, and the fashionable pleasure-seeker. The woods are full of game, the waters are full of fish, the air is full of health and vigor, and all, woods, waters, air and sky, are full of beauty beyond the power of pen to portray or imagination to conceive. Seeing alone is believing.



VI.

HOW TO REACH MACKINAC.

TO PARADISE IN A PALACE CAR—PERFECT ARRANGEMENTS OF THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY TO MAKE THE JOURNEY ITSELF A DELIGHT.

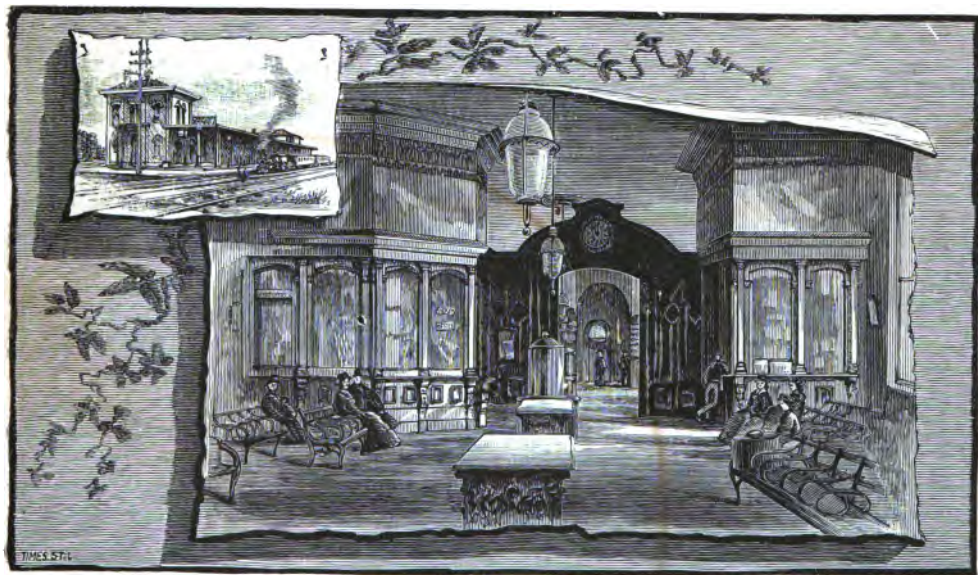
WITH all its advantages and charms, Mackinac Island would long since have been the most fashionable place of summer resort in America, but for its inaccessibility. The journey was long, tedious, and often hazardous, having to be made by irregular and uncertain steamers, or by stage or wagon through a wilderness almost unbroken. The thousands who, in past years, have found health and pleasure amid its woods and waters, have earned their enjoyment by heroic braving of dangers and enduring of hardships.

But all these difficulties are now as much things of the past as the painted warrior bands that once flitted along these shores. The Michigan Central Railway managers, appreciating the fact that Mackinac Island has all the qualifications requisite to render it the great watering place of the New World, the Mecca of all health and pleasure seekers, have extended an arm of their grand system of railroads

to it, and equipped it with every convenience and elegance of modern travel. The Michigan Central has a direct line through from Chicago, Jackson, and Detroit, making close connections with all trains to and from St. Louis, Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Toledo, Columbus, Cleveland, Pittsburg, and all eastern, southern and western points. The distance to Mackinac by rail, from Chicago, is five hundred miles, and the run is made in twenty-two hours. The distance to Mackinac, from Detroit, is three hundred and ninety-one miles, which is whirled through in thirteen hours. The road is stone-ballasted, and as smooth as sliding on ice. Magnificent parlor, drawing-room and sleeping cars are run on all trains, and palatial dining-cars on all main line trains.

The trip from Chicago is a flying panorama of city and wildwood, orchard, meadow, lake, and stream. The journeyer, reclining at ease in a luxuriously cushioned arm-chair, dashes through such lovely suburbs as Hyde Park, Pullman, Lake and Kensington; through rich and thriving young cities like Kalamazoo, Battle Creek, Jackson, Saginaw, and Bay City, with from 20,000 to 25,000 inhabitants each; through Lansing, the beautiful capital of Michigan, with its stately capitol and public buildings; through the wonderful fruit region, with its endless orchards of "California" pears, peaches, plums, and apples, and its vineyards of luscious grapes; through the great salt-making region, with its vast boilers and evaporators, and its mountains of barrels; and, for hundreds of miles, through the grandest forests in the world, the lumber region, with its huge mills and its aromatic odors of spruce and pine, carrying health to weak lungs, catarrhal nostrils and feeble throats.

Here Otsego Lake is passed, with its huge saw-mills, its airy summer cottages and hotels, and its fine fishing and bathing. At Roscommon Station an arm of the Au Sable River is crossed; swift, clear, crooked, and its waters alive with grayling, hundreds of which may be caught in a day by any skilled



JACKSON DEPOT.

angler; while the vast forests along the banks abound with deer, turkeys, and other game, including an occasional black bear. Five miles from Roscommon, by a beautiful drive through the pine woods, is Higgins Lake, ten miles long and four wide, surrounded by romantic scenery. The lake has no inlet, and the water in the center has been sounded nine hundred feet without finding bottom. The water is so clear that a nickel can be seen on the bottom at a depth of forty feet, and it has the peculiarity of always showing at least four distinct colors on the surface, dark purple, blue, and two shades of green. On picturesque points, around the shores are groups of summer hotels and cottages, pagodas, boat and bath houses, and all the evidences of fashionable resort. The water swarms with bass, pickerel, landlocked salmon, native whitefish, and the finest perch that are found in this country.

At Grayling Station the main Au Sable River is crossed, and seven miles west is the Manistee River, both famed for their grayling fishing. The two rivers head within a mile of each other, and one flows into Lake Huron and the other into Lake Michigan. Every description of game is found in the forests and jungles along their shores.

At Cheboygan is the eastern end of a chain of exquisite lakes and rivers, that cuts the peninsula entirely in two; and a trip on the dainty little steamer, that makes daily trips through this necklace of lakelet beads strung on a silver-river thread, is one of the delights of a season. A run of six miles up the Cheboygan River, and Mullet Lake is reached. It is a magnificent sheet of water, twelve miles long and six miles wide, with every beauty of Minnetonka, and many exquisite features that are lacking in the loveliest of Minnesota's liquid gems. It is two hundred feet deep, with sloping beaches of white sand, and waters clear as clearest crystal, and literally alive with black bass, pickerel, muskalonge and swarms of splendid whitefish, of which great numbers are taken by spearing. Muskalonge weighing

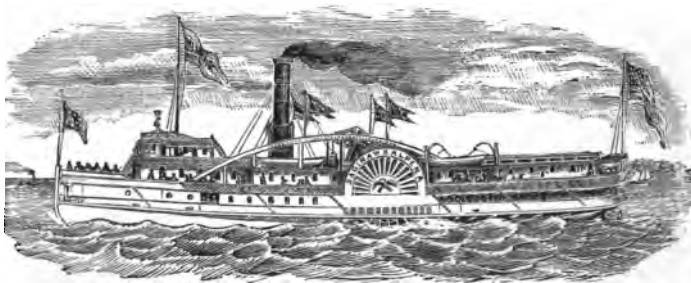


from forty-five to forty-eight pounds have frequently been caught, and pickerel weighing from ten to sixteen pounds are common. The Mullet Lake House at the head or south end of the lake, at the mouth of Pigeon River, is a large and handsome summer hotel, furnished in elegant style and supplied with all modern improvements. Steamers for all points stop at the house, and the Smith Brothers, the proprietors, keep a large fleet of pleasure-boats on hand. The Michigan Central road runs along the western shore of the lake its entire length.

Twelve miles through this charming lake, and the mouth of Indian River is entered. Up this river five miles, running under the Michigan Central Railroad bridge at Indian River Station, and Burt Lake opens out to view, ten miles long and six wide, surrounded by fine farms, summer cottages and hotels, and magnificent forests of beech, elm, basswood, hemlock, cedar and pine. At the southwest end of Burt Lake, the little boat enters Crooked River, runs through it seven miles to Crooked Lake, and



lands within seven miles of Petoskey, which delightful Lake Michigan port is reached by a dummy railroad. All these lakes and rivers abound with black bass, some of which have been caught weighing seven and a-half pounds, muskalonge, pike, pickerel, perch and whitefish. The Indians take great quantities of whitefish and muskalonge by spearing them, and a fish-spear is a part of every sportsman's outfit.



From Cheboygan the elegant steamer Dove, Capt. John Robertson, will make regular daylight trips to the far-famed Sault Ste. Marie, connecting with Michigan Central trains, and touching at Mackinac Island and all points of interest. At the Sault Ste. Marie is the great ship canal which has revolutionized lake commerce, and the scenery is among the grandest in the entire region. Here a connection is made with the line of steamers for Marquette and all Lake Superior points.

Sturgeon River, which empties into Indian River near Indian River Station, is said to afford as fine grayling fishing as any stream in the old or new world.

The Trout Brook and Little Black River, near Cheboygan, abound with brook trout, and a good fisherman can easily catch from one to three hundred a day.

The vast wild rice fields at the head of Mullet Lake afford splendid duck shooting, and snipe and woodcock are abundant. Deer and bear are found in plenty, and the whole region is a sportsman's elysium.

A run of half an hour from Cheboygan, and the traveler by the Michigan Central is at Mackinaw City, where a connection is made with the staunch and elegant steamer, "Algomah," under command of that veteran of the lakes, Capt. Hiram Ames, for Mackinac Island, Point St. Ignace and the upper peninsula. The sail across the North Channel to the Island requires but thirty minutes, and every minute affords a new view of scenes as grand and beautiful as tourist's eye ever beheld, or tourist's heart could ever wish to feast upon.

The Michigan Central Company offers the lowest excursion rates to all points in this True



Wonderland of the Unsalted Seas. Special rates will be made for large parties, and every assistance and accommodation cheerfully afforded. All letters of inquiry will receive prompt attention, and all desired information will be given. Do not hesitate, but write at once to O. W. Ruggles, General Passenger Agent, or F. I. Whitney, Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent, of the Michigan Central Railroad, Chicago, Illinois.

"ANNALS OF FORT MACKINAC."

This is the title of a valuable and charming little volume, by Lieutenant D. H. Kelton, of the United States Army, which has just been issued from the press. It contains a whole library of interesting facts in the military, ecclesiastical and civil history of the beautiful island and its picturesque fortress. Many of its historic incidents are entirely new to the literary world, having been exhumed from the dusty records of centuries past. It contains many thrilling Indian stories and legends never before published, and is altogether not only a delightful book for the summer tourist in this enchanted land, but a valuable contribution to the history of a region which has been the theatre of innumerable important events in the annals of earth's three foremost nations. It should have a place in every tourist's satchel, and on every American student's library shelves.







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